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# Puck

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## BREAKING THE SLATE.

THE SHOPPING WOMAN WILL SHATTER REPUBLICAN CALCULATIONS IN 1892 AS SHE DID IN 1890.



## PUCK.

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## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

IN THE LIFE of every club, society, association or other organization that assumes to govern itself and is not under the dominion of the hard-and-fast rules of commercial and financial business, there comes a time when it is an open question whether the body will languish and decay, or get a new and permanent growth. The more flourishing the concern, the more certain, in the natural course of things is this time to come—for prosperity has dangers no less than ill fortune. This time comes when the men who have successfully managed the organization begin to think that they are necessary to its welfare; and that nobody else can take their places. This is generally co-incident with the period with which the unprejudiced observer is able to see clearly that these enthusiastic incumbents could be spared with great benefit to the association, and that it is high time that other hands took hold of their work.

It is said—we don't know how true it is, but it sounds true and it ought to be true—that when Dr. McCosh tendered his resignation as President of Princeton College, and the trustees showed a natural unwillingness to accept it, he said to them: "Gentlemen, you must let me go now, while I am able to see the propriety of going of my own volition; if you make me stay here until I am ten years older I shall not know enough to go when you want me to." Dr. McCosh is a man of a thousand in many respects, but by nothing could he more distinguish himself from the run of poor humanity than by such a characteristic exhibition of common sense and shrewdness. The other nine-hundred-and-ninety-nine mortals out of the average one thousand are quite incapable of any such far-sightedness or length of vision. The charter-members of a club or a society will generally go nigh to wrecking it if they remain in office too long. They do not mean to do it; their intentions are just as good as they were at the beginning; their hearts are full of loyalty; and they still cling, or think they cling, to the principles that first formed their sentiments. It is only that they fail to understand, for instance, that growth between the years of thirty and forty is far more rapid than the growth from forty to sixty; and that while they are drifting along at a steadily diminishing rate of speed, new generations are crowding up behind them with all the rush and strength of youth. And they forget too often that while they are sailing their ships on observations made a long distance back, when the skies were clearer to them, the youngsters are taking the sun every day. The elders have the skill and experience; but under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at if it sometimes turns out that it is the young ones and not they who are in the true course.

It is very hard, when you have once done the right thing, in the right place, at the right time, to realize that a day must come when it is your duty to stop doing it and rest on your laurels, while somebody else does another right thing in another right place, at another right time. But this is one of the unwritten laws of nature, and whoever disobeys it not only does so at his own peril, but puts in jeopardy the cause in which he is interested. There is a world of philosophy in the terse remark with which the ex-champion prize-fighter of the world summed up the story of his defeat. "I stayed in the ring once too often," said he. And that was the whole truth, and by reason thereof, down went the pugilist's pride and oft went the money of his friends. If you have guessed that these remarks are prefatory to the announcement of our deliberate opinion that the Republican Party has entirely outlived its usefulness, you will deserve more credit for being right than for being perspicacious.

But if you want to see what justification we have for our belief in this matter, just take the suggestion conveyed by the illustrations we have chosen, hark back a page or two in the history of politics, select any typical Republican of the days when the Republican Party was at its best and strongest, and try to imagine for yourself how he would view the present attitude of his party. Do it honestly; don't juggle with your conscience, and try to make yourself think that the men who made the Republican Party what it was were men who would take any ready-made opinion that it might be convenient for a party manager to ascribe to them. Remember Charles Sumner's independent views on the subject of negro suffrage, and ask yourself what Charles Sumner would say, if he were alive now, about Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge's Force Bill. Remember that Salmon P. Chase could dare to stand out in disagreement, where matters of public policy were concerned, with the best President the United States ever had; and ask yourself candidly what that able and conscientious statesman would have said to the abortive abomination known as the McKinley Bill. Ask yourself these questions, and then ask yourself whether the invective of a Horace Greeley would be sufficiently strong to convey the denunciation which these two great men, were they living to-day, would stand ready to pour upon the policy advocated in 1892 by Horace Greeley's successor.

The world has moved since the Republican Party last took its bearings. It is no longer necessary to impose burdens and taxes upon the people to foster industries that from puny infants have grown into gigantic money-making monopolies. It is no longer necessary to outrage a loyal, law-abiding and industrious people with a scheme of federal supervision of elections so monstrously tyrannical that it amounts to an absolute overthrow of the sovereign power of the State, and a reversal of the will of her citizens. It is no longer necessary, in fact, that this country should remain under martial law for the benefit of the Republican commissaries and quartermasters. It is time we got back to the simple Democratic theory of government on which this nation was founded, and dealt one overwhelming, final and decisive blow to the theory that any party, be it organized for good purposes or for evil, can perpetuate itself in power over the people of the United States, and substitute its despotic machinery for the freedom of will and judgement which they have declared to be their natural and inalienable right. This blow should be struck at the polls in November next, and it should have behind it the strength of every man who truly loves his country and sets his pride of American citizenship above his fealty to a party demoralized and corrupted by the lust of public power and the greed of private gain.

## ESCAPING THE DANGERS OF THE DEEP.

"Did you see those river mice scampering up from the water?"

"Yes. They're trying to get away from the cat-fish."



## AND NOT HIS GRANDPA'S, EITHER.

Benny-in-the-White House says  
He has things fixed up with Platt;  
But everyone in New York knows  
That he's talking through his hat.

## WON'T BE CAUGHT OUT IN THE RAIN.

ROWNE DE BOUT.—Putson Call is under a cloud, just now.

UPSON DOWNES.—Well, you may trust him to steal an umbrella before the storm breaks.

## NATURAL.

"What did his wife do when she found the hair on his coat?"

"She combed him down."

## OFTENER THAN POSTERITY.

MRS. HARDUP (pausing in her writing).—What is the name for the people who come after us?

MR. HARDUP (without pausing in his reading).—Collectors.



## A WELL-MANNERED BOY.

IRATE PARENT.—I am going to give each of you a sound thrashing. Now where shall I begin?

HOPEFUL SON.—Ladies before gentlemen, Father.





#### THEIR PROSPECTS.

EDWIN.—Shall we live with your parents after we are married?  
ANGELINA.—The question is, can we live without them?

#### A FACT FROM FIJI.

It would seem that they who lead  
Christian lives should win the meed  
Of all Christians' approbation—but one shivers  
To reflect that, after all,  
'T is the heathen cannibal  
Who appreciates most keenly Christian livers.

*John Ludlow.*



#### A "MOTH" CHEST.

MR. RUST.—Where did all these moths come from?  
MRS. RUST.—I just opened the camphor chest.

#### THEY COULD RUN.

"You'll do very well for a tattooed man," said the Museum Manager.  
"How did you get these curious figures upon you?"

"I wore a cheap bathing suit at  
Asbury—guaranteed fast colors," said  
the acquisition.

#### CRACKS EASILY.

"His voice has unusually fine  
timbre."

"Yes—but it's so brittle!"

#### SEES THINGS.

ROWNE DE BOUT.—Does n't  
drinking affect your sight?

OLD HENNESSEY.—I should  
say so! I often see more in a  
minute than other men do in a  
life-time.

#### NON-COMMITTAL.

REV. DR. BURY.—Would n't you  
like to go to heaven?

OLD KAINTUCK.—Could n't say,  
stranger; never been thar.

#### NO FIFTH AVENUE ABOUT HIM.

"You won't do. I advertised for a  
man with a pleasing address."

"Well; don't I fill the bill?"

"No, sir; your address is Gowanus, according to your own statement."

A MAN HAS to be puffed up well before he can blow his own horn with  
proper vigor.

GOES THROUGH WITHOUT CHANGE — The Shopper.

IT IS STRANGE that when a man goes out with "the boys" he addresses  
everybody he meets as "old man."

THE FARMER may wind a ball of cord around his pocket-book; but it  
took the shop-girl who boarded a Third Avenue car, the other day,  
to conceive the idea of rolling her pocket-book up like a sheet of music,  
and then deftly fastening it with a safety-pin.



*You never hear a policeman  
complain of his job, although his  
business is always at a stand  
still.*



(Begun in Puck, No. 806, August 17th, 1892.)

## THE STORY OF THE DOWNFALL OF THE MEAN NEIGHBOR.



AS A MATTER OF FACT, the servants in the establishment of the Millionaire of Pea Pack were quite beside themselves with joy when their mistress informed them of the increase of their wages and liberties. The Conscientious Plumber told her upon her return to the room which she had so suddenly left while full of the noble impulse to confer a blessing upon her domestic retinue, that the effect would be of a satisfactory character. And he was quite right. After that time the meals were served on the minute, and it was very seldom that a dish was broken, or a silver spoon thoughtlessly brushed off a plate into the refuse barrel. Throughout the day they worked with a will, and every duty was performed with a cheerfulness that gave their labors the appearance of pleasure. For, as soon as the work of the day was done, the girls were at liberty to go forth and enjoy themselves.

To be sure, one or two of them could not stand such treatment; and when this was discovered to be the case, the servants who were unable to conduct themselves properly were, at the suggestion of the Conscientious Plumber, dismissed and replaced, until all the girls in the house were so thoroughly trustworthy that it was not necessary to superintend their work, or to give them an anxious thought. They also manifested a spirit of reciprocity that was keenly appreciated by the wife of the Millionaire of Pea Pack, who prided herself upon being a paragon of economy in her housekeeping. This reciprocity, on the part of the servants, that pleased her so keenly consisted in saving here and there, which more than balanced the amount of the advance recently made in their wages.

"I really never dreamed of such a thing as this," remarked the Millionaire's wife, in an ecstasy of joy; "the idea of servants being able to appreciate kindness!"

"It often seems hard to imagine them to be human, and to think that they have ordinary feeling," replied the Conscientious Plumber, "when we consider the almost universal estimate of them; but my mother's experiment in treating that jewel of a girl of ours as she did, really proved to be an inspiration. And yet, do you know that in treating her as we did, we antagonized a neighboring family, until our houses were, so to speak, involved in war. These people could never keep a servant over a month, and they did not like the idea of our being more fortunate than themselves in this respect. They always spoke of their girls as being thoroughly unreliable. One day my mother said it was strange that out of the twelve or fourteen girls they employed every year they could never find a good one. She then spoke of how she treated our girl; and thereupon our Neighbor became so indignant that she said she did not believe in making companions of servants. That remark and a few more that quickly followed were the means of terminating the friendship of the two families; and after that they made it a point to gossip about us, and to say that we went into the kitchen for our society. Her husband spoke of our Quixotic ideas of housekeeping, and invented many stories of the boundlessness of our consideration for the domestic and her happiness. He frequently endeavored to amuse his friends by saying that my father would invite the girl to sit with the family on the piazza in the evening, and that she was always consulted by my mother when the latter wished to purchase

a bonnet or a dress. He even went so far as to say that when Olga was recovering from a fever we employed a young lady in straitened circumstances to read poetry to her. But we paid no more attention to these cheap sallies of wit than we did to their author. So long as Olga gave us satisfaction, and our house was perfectly agreeable to her, we contended that it was best to leave well-enough alone, and not to worry. So we laughed at and enjoyed our old friend's jokes; and when he was informed that his fierce criticisms only served to amuse and divert us, he became so indignant that he told his informant that, a short time before, he had observed my father in the act of climbing one of his trees to gather a chicken or two in the opalescent light of the moon. We heard some very amusing remarks made about us by this enemy, who had once been our friend, from a man employed by us to cut the grass and to keep the place in order during the Summer solstice. Previously to our employing him, this man had been a retainer of our Neighbor, who told him that Olga had a mortgage on our place, and that we were obliged to make an equal of her, because we were in her power. He said we were making capital of our humiliation, and that the reason we did not like him was owing to the fact that he had at one time advanced us money and lavished favors upon the whole family, and that we avoided him in order to escape meeting our obligations. We paid no attention to these allegations of our Neighbor's. But we discovered the reason that he could not keep a servant more than one month."

"Why was it?" asked the Millionaire of Pea Pack.

"Because at the end of the month he could not pay her; and she was generally too weak — owing to a short allowance of food — to work a second month in the hope of eventually receiving the money already earned and overdue. He would never speak a good word of reference in behalf of any girl; and if the girl threatened to seek her remedy in the law, he would hide some of his silverware, and, having told her it was missing, would discharge her, after threatening her with prosecution for theft. He practised this kind of economy —"

"Do you call that economy?" inquired the Millionaire of Pea Pack.

"Only in a humorous sense — and, I must admit, the humor is of the grimmest character. He practised this kind of economy, as I said before, until one fine day he met his match. Having accused a colored servant of impertinence and theft, when she demanded pecuniary satisfaction upon the last day of the month, she arose from a kneeling posture, for she was scrubbing the kitchen-floor at the time, and temporarily marred the beauty of his countenance with the grimy cloth. She was a girl who had no fear of consequences; and, noticing that the first blow filled him with dismay and humiliation, for he was in the bosom of his family, she repeated the operation and drove him outdoors; and then she left the place, but not before she informed the family that it had been her habit, while with them, to utilize the tank as a common natatorium. I trust you will pardon me for going into details that may have a suggestion of coarseness about them —"

"Oh, certainly!" broke in the Millionaire of Pea Pack, laughing; "certainly; we should always be willing to overlook any allusion that tends to place the offender within the pale of ridicule. From what you have already told me of this man's treatment of his domestics, I fancy he must have been a pretty fine specimen of a small man."

"Indeed he was," replied the Conscientious Plumber; "but we never knew his real character until after our friendly relations had ceased to exist. By degrees we then learned enough of his history to warrant us in feeling thankful that our intimacy with him and his family had become an association of the past. I can

still see my mother drop her knitting-needles

on the verandah, fragrant with bee-haunted honeysuckles, close her eyes, and fold her hands across her breast, and

hear her murmur a prayer of thanks for our deliverance from this human culture, who was morally upon a level

with the Portrait Painter who reduced us from affluence to the direst poverty, and razed our house to the very dust of suffering and despair."

Here the Conscientious Plumber paused, for his feelings had got the better of him, and his clenched hands told, more forcibly than words could, how he yearned for the benison of the briefest kind of a brief audience with the Portrait Painter. The daughter of the Millionaire of





Pea Pack sought to console him with her sympathy; and at the same time the waitress, without having been ordered to do so, stepped into the room, bearing a tray upon which sparkled four goblets of Vichy lemonade.

"Your plan," said the wife of the Millionaire of Pea Pack, seeking to divert the Conscientious Plumber's thoughts from the very painful subject of the fall of his father's house, "is working like a charm, and I shall ever feel grateful to you for your kindly suggestions for the improvement of our domestic service. When we asked for lemonade one week ago, we were frowned upon and given to understand that we must be very careful—and then the lemonade was served warm. Now it is made for us voluntarily and cheerfully, and it is sparkling and ice-cold."

"I am very grateful, also," said the Millionaire of Pea Pack; "but I am anxious to hear more about that mean Neighbor of yours. Did he eventually come to grief, or did he triumph to the end?"

"He came to grief," replied the Conscientious Plumber, "and in so doing he was soon the laughing-stock of the little community in which we lived. Indeed, I think the well-merited ridicule of one's neighbor must be a very heavy and grievous burden to bear over the sands of the desert of life. Yet, when I consider that Griggsby's pride consisted entirely in dressing well, keeping horses and making an empty show, and that he was entirely without moral self-respect or dignity, I am not certain that he was so much disconcerted by the merry jests of the town in which he lived, as by the pecuniary losses of which he became the helpless victim through the medium of his most inordinate greed of gold. Money to him was what opium is to the almond-eyed Mongolian, what pie is to the hoary grandsire of New England. There was no limit to his avarice; and, as he was absolutely without conscience, he did not care what the character of an enterprise might be, so long as it held forth golden promises of a handsome return. Out of his great gains he determined to build himself a costly house that should be the envy and the wonder of the world. He purchased a handsome hill overlooking a lake, and imported a great quantity of Italian marble. Everyone was talking about and worrying over it; but still the house continued to rise, stone by stone, until the outlines of a palace stood against the sky. It was constructed in the most costly manner throughout, and the good people began to think their townsman the possessor of millions."

"Then why did not he pay his servants?" asked the Millionaire of Pea Pack.

"Simply because he could avoid it. He argued that money saved by refusing to pay a debt was as good as money earned in an honest transaction. If he owed you, for instance, five dollars—borrowed money—

and should meet you on the street, he would not cancel the obligation unless you were to demand it. He would hold the money as long as possible, and argue that if you were to die suddenly he would not have to pay the debt at all, as your heirs would be ignorant of the existence of all unrecorded obligations.

"But to return to my story—the money expended upon the erection of the great house had already reached an amount so much in excess of the architect's estimate, that the owner felt that he must try to make up the difference in some way. So he hid him to the Far West and purchased a large tract of land on a plateau overlooking a river. As his tract was in the vicinity of a thriving town, he laid it out in building lots, and upon each lot erected a house suitable for a mechanic.

"His idea was to sell each lot with a house on it for two thousand dollars, although the cost to him would be but eight hundred, owing to the fact that he was building each house upon the same plan. The idea of wringing the financial heart's blood from the hard-working, poorly-paid mechanic in this way makes me boil when I think of it. He was going to erect one hundred of these houses, and as he could make twelve hundred dollars on each one, the enterprise would yield him a profit of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars."

"How did he come to grief?" asked the Millionaire of Pea Pack.

"In this way: as his great house progressed, the expenses over the estimated cost increased, and he had so much money in the Western transaction, that he had to mortgage the palatial establishment to carry that enterprise to a successful conclusion. Before he could do so, however, there was a great spring freshet, which, combined with a landslide, took the eighty odd cottages he had finished, and his entire tract of land down the swollen river. And as he could not pay his interest on the mortgage on the great house, it was sold under foreclosure for a sum so ridiculously low (because no one wanted such a place), that he had absolutely nothing left."

"What became of them then?" asked Anita.

"The only child, a daughter, being of a philosophic turn, eloped with a tinsmith to better her circumstances. The mother died of grief because she could no longer continue in the enjoyment of ten horses and twelve servants; and the last time I saw the old gentleman he was, to put it figuratively, gyrating up and down a metropolitan thoroughfare with a legendary canvas upon his chest and another upon his back. He was the retainer of a flourishing dime restaurant, and was, what I think is vulgarly termed a human sandwich."

(To be continued.)



#### NOT A CATCHING DISEASE.



"Say, Mister, are youse de dorg ketchers?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Would you git just as much fur a sick dorg as you would fur a healt'y one?"  
 "Yes."  
 "Well, gimme ten cents, and I'll leave yer take mine."



"Much erbliged, Boss. I would n't er sold 'im, only he don't feel good—but you kin have him!"



## THE MAIN OBJECT.

STAYATT HOLMES.—Was your expedition successful?  
ARCTIC EXPLORER.—Yes; we got back.

## IN A BAD WAY.

“Are things as bad on that railway as they are said to be?”  
“Worse. Why even the dead heads have gone over to the other line.”

## LIQUID GLANCES.

He to his Boston sweetheart cries  
(The prettiest of lasses):  
“Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And from those bright eye-glasses.”



## DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

DENTIST (*impatiently*).—Well, if you can't calm yourself I can't fill your tooth, for I'm just about as nervous as I can be.  
PATIENT.—What's the matter?  
DENTIST.—Why, I've got to have a tooth filled, myself, this afternoon!

## AN AFTERTHOUGHT.

COMMITTEEMAN.—Old Hennessey is dead, and our club wishes to erect a shaft to his memory.

DEALER.—Do you wish any inscription on it?

COMMITTEEMAN.—Simply “Hic Jacet.”

DEALER.—Anything else?

COMMITTEEMAN.—Well, - er - yes - you might put the “hic” in parentheses.

## BEFORE AND AFTER MARRIAGE.

I used to call her angel, glad to own  
She had no wings to fly to heavenly climes;  
But one might think since then those wings had grown,  
To see the way she flies at me these times.



## TIME FOR ACTION.

MAN ON THE FENCE.—Hello, Jack! What under the Sun is all this?

JACK.—Don't talk, old man! Wife telegraphs: “Will be home in two hours.” The cook left this morning, and I'm trying to clean up the effects of that little stag racket last night. Get a towel and come over on my side of the fence—*quick!!*

## CONVINCED.

“What a beautiful sky!” observed the poet, as he looked into the West, that was a dreamy blending of olive pink and Nile green; “what a lovely vista of evanescent tones!”

“But there is n't any money in it,” replied his commercial friend.

“There is a ten-dollar bill in a sonnet on it,” chimed the poet.

“Then,” responded the commercial man, warmly, “it is quite as beautiful as you say it is.”

## A NATURALIST.

PHILANTHROPIST.—What started you on your wanderings?

WEARY RAGGLES.—A good man told me to “go to the ant.” I have been wandering through the country, studying the habits of the interesting insect ever since.



“A COMPLETE BACK-DOWN.”

## THE LAP OF LUXURY.

“Here, do not lap me so rudely,” said the Boston milk.

“Hey? How would you be lapped?” queried the uncultured cat.

“Oh, in soft Lydian airs.”





THE POLITICAL SITUATION IN SHANTYTOWN.

SHINMEL.—I dolt you, mine friendt, dot Mr. Harrison has got his eye on dot lresidential chair.

CLANCY.—Thin, begorra, ef he keeps it there he 'll hov Grovey Cleveland sittin' on his oye.

## A VEXING SUBJECT.

**B**EFORE THIS broad land of ours is desolated by famine, as it inevitably must be if either of the political parties is to be believed, I wish to protest my innocence of any participation in the dire work. No one shall be able to look back from the ruins and say that I might have averted the calamity had I taken proper interest in the matter.

When the time comes that my spirit, freed from its present meaty encumbrance, shall float off to a place where cloudy doubts are dispelled by the white sun of Omniscience, I shall first inquire concerning the merits of Free Trade and Protection. It may seem a trifling matter to bring up at such a time; but I have grown really curious about it. And, oh! what a blessed serenity will poultice my weary soul when the angel of light, who looks after such matters, answers my query in a few, well-chosen, convincing words, instead of giving me some "practical illustrations."

When I ask for information now, the rabid partisan goes at it in this way:

"Why, cert'nly; now — frin-stance — let me give you a practical illustration. How much did you pay for that coat?"

While I am calculating, he goes on:

"You paid sixteen dollars for that coat of an American tailor. (He is a liar, but I let it pass.) That same garment would cost you at the Leeds factory nine dollars. Now, then; where does that seven dollars go? It goes to enrich a lot of protected monopolists that have the taxpayers of this country by the throat."

This is simple enough; but after one or two "practical illustrations" of the same crushing force, he wanders off into an unintelligible tirade against the manufacture of steel rails, which, it seems, is an



AS ADMONISHED.

MRS. MANNERLY (to her daughter, who has just returned from tea with friends).—I hope you said, "no, thank you," oftener than you did, "yes, thank you."

MABEL.—Yes, I did. I had n't been eating more 'n half an hour before they began saying, "don't you think you've eaten enough?" "Are n't you afraid you'll make yourself sick?" And I said "no, thank you," every time.

atrocious pursuit, because you make more money than you ought to at it.

Then another missionary takes me in hand and asks me to look upon the degraded, pauper labor of Europe, and then upon the prosperous workmen of this country. He says he can take me through towns where every laboring man owns his own home, with a piano in it, and vaguely implies that these blessings are the result of the McKinley Bill. Then he gets off on to steel rails, too. They seem to be a weakness with both sects; and, although they are steel rails, they are elastic enough to prove the most startlingly diverse propositions. I am convinced that the true inwardness of this steel rail business will never be known.

Both parties have a weird, uncanny way of pointing to an article close at hand, and telling you that it pays a duty of 62 per cent. and costs \$16.80 "put down at the mills," and that if it were not for the hide-bound prejudices of the other party we would produce or get it here for much less money. Nothing is more appalling to me than

a tariff discussion between

two intelligent citizens. One asks the other if he knows that English cloth that cost \$1.39 before the passage of the McKinley Bill, now costs \$1.65 per yard. The other replies that he does n't know any thing about that; but, with an air of triumph, perhaps his opponent is not aware that our import of camels' hair for 1891 was 1,548,764 pounds. Then he suggests that they "take the item of steel rails alone," after which they invariably get groggy. Each man pretends to have a mass of evidence which would at once establish the correctness of his views if the other would only listen to it; when, in reality, he has n't any views at all. If I had as many

dollars as the great mass of voters don't know about the Tariff question, I could easily afford to pay the McKinley premium on the necessities of life for a number of years.

I hereby solemnly declare that I regard with suspicious distrust all men who profess to have convictions upon the Tariff question; and, further, that I place not the slightest reliance upon the soundness of any of said convictions.

H. L. Wilson.

## IN THE AVIARY.

MRS. BIRDSONG.—Birdsong do come here and look at this dear jay plucking itself!

MR. BIRDSONG.—That's nothing, Almira. I saw a farmer yesterday who told me that he always voted the high tariff ticket.

## AS PARADES USUALLY GO.

"Did you see the Harrison parade this evening?"

"Yes. It was grand, inspiring! It shows the way the people feel about the election. Great thing, I tell you!"

"Yes; but what a pity!"

"What a pity — what?"

"That most of the paraders are too young to vote!"

## THE RULE'S EXCEPTION.

"Is glass a non-conductor of electricity?"

"Certainly."

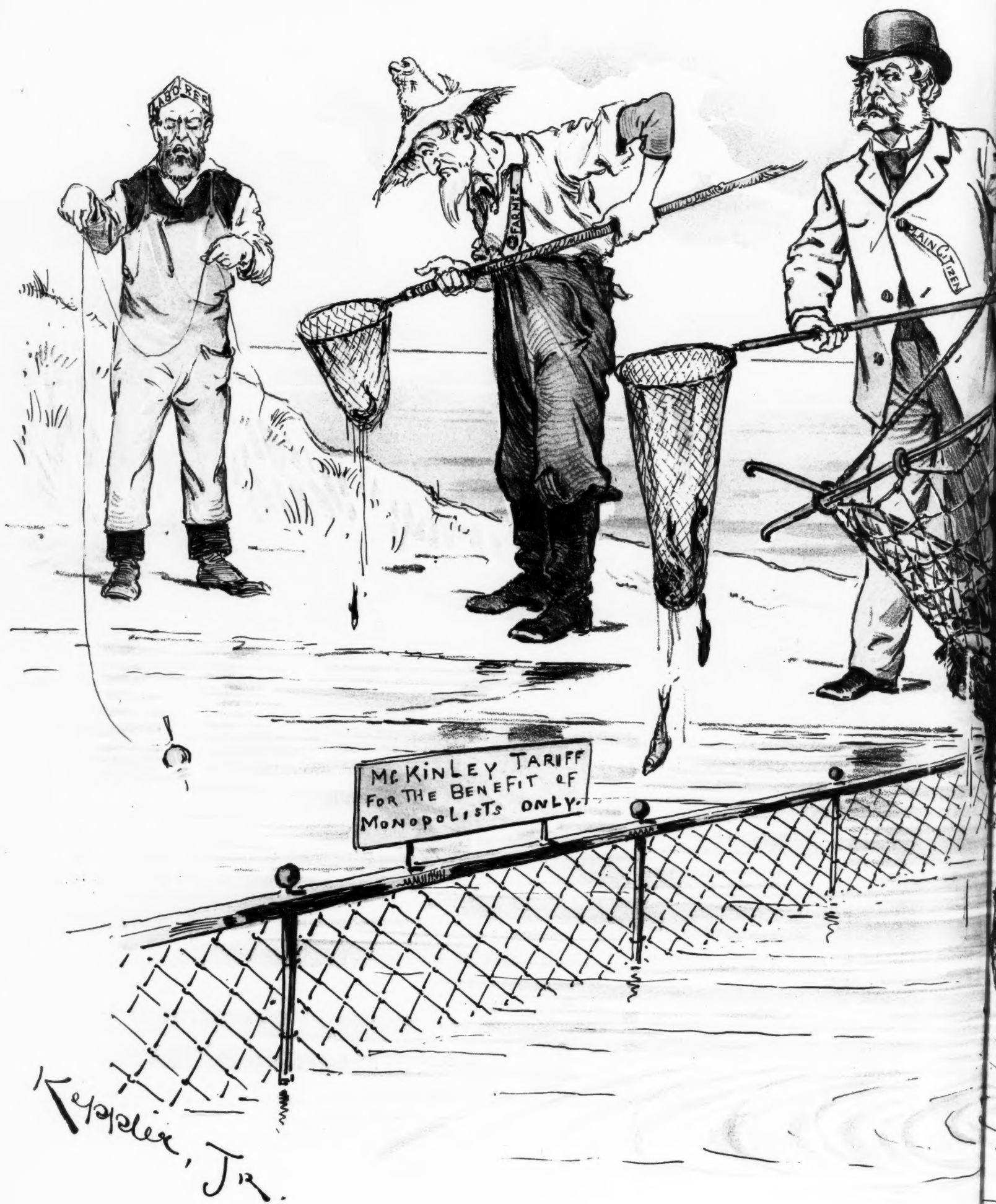
"Then how about Jersey lightning?"

WIFELY PROVERB — A Husband "in Hand" is Worth Two that are beyond Control.



THE LONDON LOLL.

The latest fad affected by Fashion's Orangoutangs.





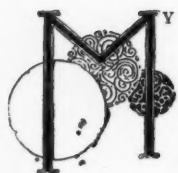


## PUCK'S MODEL LETTER-WRITER.

WORLD'S FAIR CORRESPONDENCE.

*Between a DISTANT COUSIN and a CHICAGO MAN.*

TOPEKA, Kan., Oct. 16th, 1892.



MY DEAR COUSIN BOB:

In looking over an old memorandum book, I notice an item of \$10 opposite your name, and, unless mistaken, I think this was something I borrowed from you when in Chicago two years ago. At all events, I enclose a check for the amount. I always make it a rule to jot these little matters down at the time, so as to avoid any possible hitch in their settlement; but in this case I unfortunately lost the memorandum book, which I found yesterday in a very dilapidated condition lying in the woodshed, where it had evidently slipped out of my pocket while I was chopping kindling. If you can not recollect this matter, and think I am mistaken, why, divide it between your boys as a present from "Cousin Will."

Everything here is very quiet, as usual. We were visited last week by a circus, and the re-action is just setting in. Collections in consequence are very slow.

Nettie and I often talk of you all and envy you your fortunate location in Chicago. What a boon it will be to have a World's Fair right at your front door! Poor Nettie's health has been failing lately, and I have promised her a little trip before long; so, my dear Bob, we will probably take in your Fair. Our eldest girl, Clara, is of a very lively disposition and is longing to see your great city. She has improved wonderfully, and you will be really astonished when you hear her play upon your piano. Harry has grown into a fine little fellow, and is marking off each day on the calendar till he can see his Cousin Bob. Our youngest boy, and the baby, we will arrange to leave with my mother-in-law. The old lady herself will probably run up later, and remain a week or two, and I will return here and perhaps take Harry with me.

Now I hope you will not think of putting yourselves out on our account at all, as we will come prepared to take "pot luck." Those two small rooms on the second floor will be just the thing for us. Nettie and I can occupy one, and Clara and Harry the other. There will be plenty of time, of course, to complete arrangements, and we may possibly change our plans in some respects, but we are all talking of it here, so I thought you would like to join in and throw out some suggestions.

With love from Nettie and the children to your good wife and family, believe me, my dear Bob,

Your Affectionate Cousin,

WILL B. SHORT.

CHICAGO, October 18th, 1892.

DEAR WILLIAM:

Your letter of 16th instant, with check for \$10 enclosed, duly received. Thanks. Had entirely forgotten the matter, myself, but on referring to my memorandum book find that your statement regarding the loan is correct.

We are so sorry that you did not write to us earlier about coming here during the World's Fair. Had we thought that you contemplated visiting Chicago at that time we would gladly have reserved the rooms you refer to; but everything now is gone.

Our parlors and the large alcove bedroom upstairs have been engaged by a German nobleman at \$150 per month. The dining-room and library were knocked down last week to an agent for the use of a Spanish Grandee and his wife, who will remain with us during the season. We lumped these at \$450. The two little rooms you mention, on the second floor, were taken by a St. Louis millionaire at \$25 per week, the day before we received your letter. Had we only known you were coming we would gladly have given you the preference over the St. Louis man, but now it is too late.

The bedroom with the bay-window on the north side of the house has gone to a pair of spinster heiresses from Philadelphia at \$100 per month. They tried hard to



ONE OF ITS ADVANTAGES.

SIX-YEAR-OLD.—Hey, Patsy! come on; dere's room enough fer two. Beats sleigh-ridin' all holler!

secure the servants' room instead, which we were holding at \$15 per week, but it had been taken the day before by a Boston lady. An Indiana man and his wife will occupy the billiard room, with bed made up on the table. The figure for this was \$60 per month. We have retained one bedroom for our own use, and will eat in the kitchen. The hired girls will occupy hammocks in the passage ways; so there is really nothing left but the bathroom and cellar. The former will be in pretty constant use, and as there is generally an inch of water in the latter, it would be unhealthy for Mrs. Short.

The man in the house south of us still has one vacant room, which you might possibly secure.

It is in the attic, and has no plaster on the walls, but it would be nice and airy for the Summer months. While we can not have you with us, it would be pleasant to have you near us, and if you will telegraph acceptance of the attic room next door at \$15 per week, I think it can be arranged. Meals, of course, not included.

Yours truly,

R. F. WILSON.

P. S. My wife just tells me the attic room next door was taken yesterday.

*Et nos mutamur in illis.* Nowadays, the mute inglorious Miltons do not rest until they have subscribed for ten copies of the Most Prominent Poets of America, with biography.

A STAGE WHISPER — "The Cue, the Cue!"

HALF-AND-HALF — The Bride and Groom.

A SMALL AND EARLY — The Milkman's Quart.

LIBERTY, FRIENDS, is just that condition of things that does n't permit us to take liberties with others.

MAN IS MORTAL; but, with customary business instinct, he tries to conceal the fact from the Old Man with the Scythe as long as he can — even by leasing his property for 999 years.



PREACHING VS. PRACTICE.

FIRST REPUBLICAN STATESMAN.—Yes; I've just got back from a trip through the South—delivered twenty-one speeches on the Suppression and Oppression of the Colored Citizen of the South—but you can bet your life I'll never take *that* job again.

SECOND REPUBLICAN STATESMAN.—Why?

FIRST REPUBLICAN STATESMAN.—Why, one comes in contact with too many niggers to suit me.



THE MITIGATED ASS;  
OR, STRATEGY vs. TYRANNY.



There was a lazy farmer, who



Upon his ass did load



A sack of meal, then climbed up, too,



To sleep, while home he rode.



The wary beast unloosed the knot



And thus his burden lightened,

HEROIC SIZE.

"That is the statue."  
"It's much larger  
than life size, isn't it?"  
"Oh, yes! But no  
larger than he thought  
he was."

A NATURAL  
MISTAKE.

"Say you!" yelled  
Dangerfield.

"Well, you need n't  
split the atmosphere like that. I'm not deaf."

"I beg your pardon, sir. I thought you were. I saw you walking  
on the railway track."



Then homeward at a merry trot



He sped; but when he realized the consequences  
of his rash deed, he was actually frightened.

ALL IN THE  
FAMILY.

"I hear that your  
head-clerk is to marry  
your daughter."

"What's the odds?  
I had to support him,  
anyhow."

AN INTERESTING  
PHENOMENON.

MR. BAXTER. —

The next time I send

you out for my lunch, don't drink up the coffee. There is n't half a  
cup here.

A. D. T. MESSENGER. — Dat's all right,  
boss: I did n't touch yer coffee. He  
drawed it wid a bead on, an' de froth  
settled while I was bringing it  
ter yer.

HOPELESS.

JUDGE. — How did you  
form your opinion of this  
case?

TALESMAN. — By reading  
the newspapers.

JUDGE. — Do you be-  
lieve all you read in the  
newspapers?

TALESMAN. — Yes.

JUDGE. — Stand down.

SPLendid.

"I've got a scheme,"  
said Sellers.

"What is it?"

"Why not feed sheep  
on the cotton plant, and  
grow shoddy right on the  
animal?"

AT THE WEDDING.

DE WILTON. — Why  
did the clergyman ask  
him if he would have her  
for better or worse?

MAJILTON. — I guess  
it is because they have n't settled definitely whether they will live in  
New York or Brooklyn.

A GREAT MANY "gentlemen of the old school" do not seem quite to  
have finished their education.



"HAPPY COLLEGE DAYS."

STUDENT (to Parental Visitor). — Don't be frightened, Governor —  
I was initiated into our college secret society last night — they dyed  
one half of me blue; — it'll all wear off in a couple of months!



LOOKING FORWARD.

HOBSON. — Why, what is the matter with  
you, Dobson? You look nearly frozen to  
death.

DOBSON. — I am ver-r-ry c-c-cold. — Have  
n't ch-ch-changed my S-S-Summer under-  
clothes yet.

HOBSON. — For gracious's sake, why not?

DOBSON. — Well, you s-s-s-see, if I change  
n-n-now, I am afraid I won't feel the good of  
it when the W-W-Winter comes.

# THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

PIANOS

Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists  
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KANSAS CITY, MO., 1128 Main Street.

IMPOSSIBLE TO INJURE.  
WOOL.—You must use a safety razor on Van  
Pelt; you don't gash him as you do me.  
BARBER.—Van Pelt has a safety face.—*Truth.*

Cook's Imperial Champagne has stood the test for thirty  
years. There is no better sparkling wine made.  
It's extra dry.

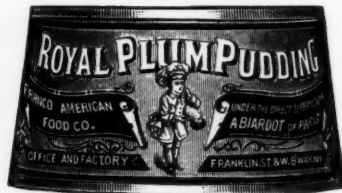
**BEATTY** Pianos, Organs, \$33 up. Want agents.  
Cat'lg. free. Dan'l F. Beatty, Washington, N.J. 615

EVERY man who gets whipped for a sin, com-  
plains that other people have done more, and  
been whipped less.—*Atchison Globe.*

## The Start And Finish



of a



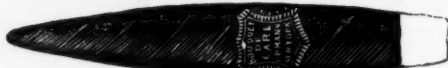
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plained on each can. Sample can of Soup (any one of the twenty  
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invisible, and does not cause the slightest discomfort  
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eye, an ear spectacle. Enclose stamp for particulars.

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place in the front rank of the monthlies. A prominent fea-  
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particular field, has always been great, and in its new form  
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be in the future, as it has been in the past, a magazine  
which may safely be given to any member of the family, or  
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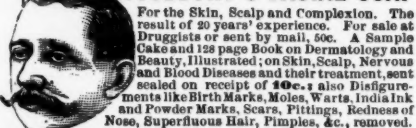
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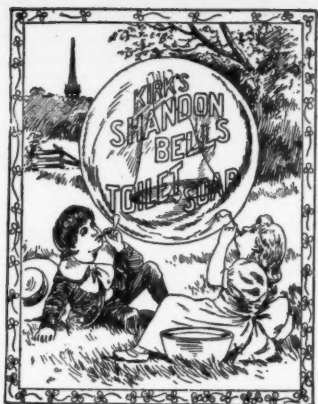


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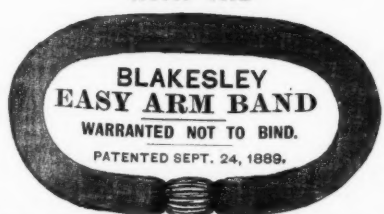
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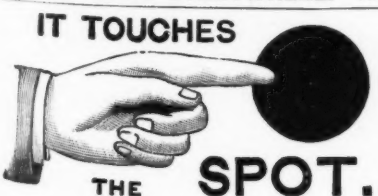
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LITTLE BOY  
(visiting in the  
country).—Oh,  
Mama! I saw a  
great big mama  
pig down to the  
barn.

MAMA.—You  
did?

LITTLE BOY.—  
Yes; an' she had  
a whole lot of pig-  
mies.—Exchange.



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FATHER.—Have  
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you?

SUITOR.—Yes,  
sir. Proofs are ob-  
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tives. And she  
has previously de-  
clined me no less  
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—Smith, Gray &  
Co.'s Monthly.

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No man can be a successful hypocrite and  
amount to much at anything else.—Ram's  
Horn.

YOU DON'T KNOW  
THE LUXURY OF  
PIPE SMOKING  
UNTIL YOU HAVE TRIED  
**YALE  
MIXTURE**  
SMOKING TOBACCO.  
MADE BY MARBURG BROS.

It is noticeable that a little man is al-  
ways very mild in his testimony against a  
big man in court.—Atchison Globe.

### Sickness Among Children.

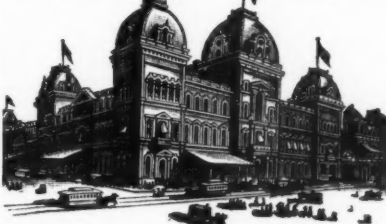
Especially infants, is prevalent at all times, but  
is largely avoided by giving proper nourish-  
ment and wholesome food. The most success-  
ful and reliable is the Gail Borden "Eagle"  
Brand Condensed Milk. Your grocer and drug-  
gist sell it.

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SUCCESS shows off our good qualities; lack  
of success shows off our defects.—Texas Sift.

WHEN one woman praises another, folks  
think she is sarcastic.—Ram's Horn.

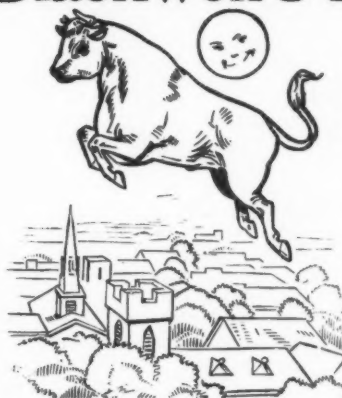
A reason for the faith that is in him.—A responsible  
citizen of the South writes: "From observation covering a  
great number of cases I unhesitatingly pronounce Salvation  
Oil to be the most wonderful remedy for burns I have ever  
tried."

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"Great Bull Movement."

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a good second in popularity. Its  
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Wood's is a "double-quick" plaster. Contains a mild solvent which opens the  
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"By reason of my position as Editor of a Journal devoted to the interests of Barbers, I come into almost constant contact with them and know pretty well their requirements.

"I have just got my face in shape again after one of the worst cases of pimples that I ever saw, and which was caused by being shaved in a *shop that used a cheap, coarse soap* that was bought by the Barber *because it cost three cents a bar less than Williams'*. It was a poor bargain for him and me. It cost *me* days and nights of torture, loss of time, and a good many dollars for doctors' bills. It cost *him* at least twenty-five customers, for no one who knew what I had suffered wanted to be shaved in that shop.

**"PIMPLES, ECZEMA, BARBERS' ITCH,**  
are caused in thousands of cases by the use of  
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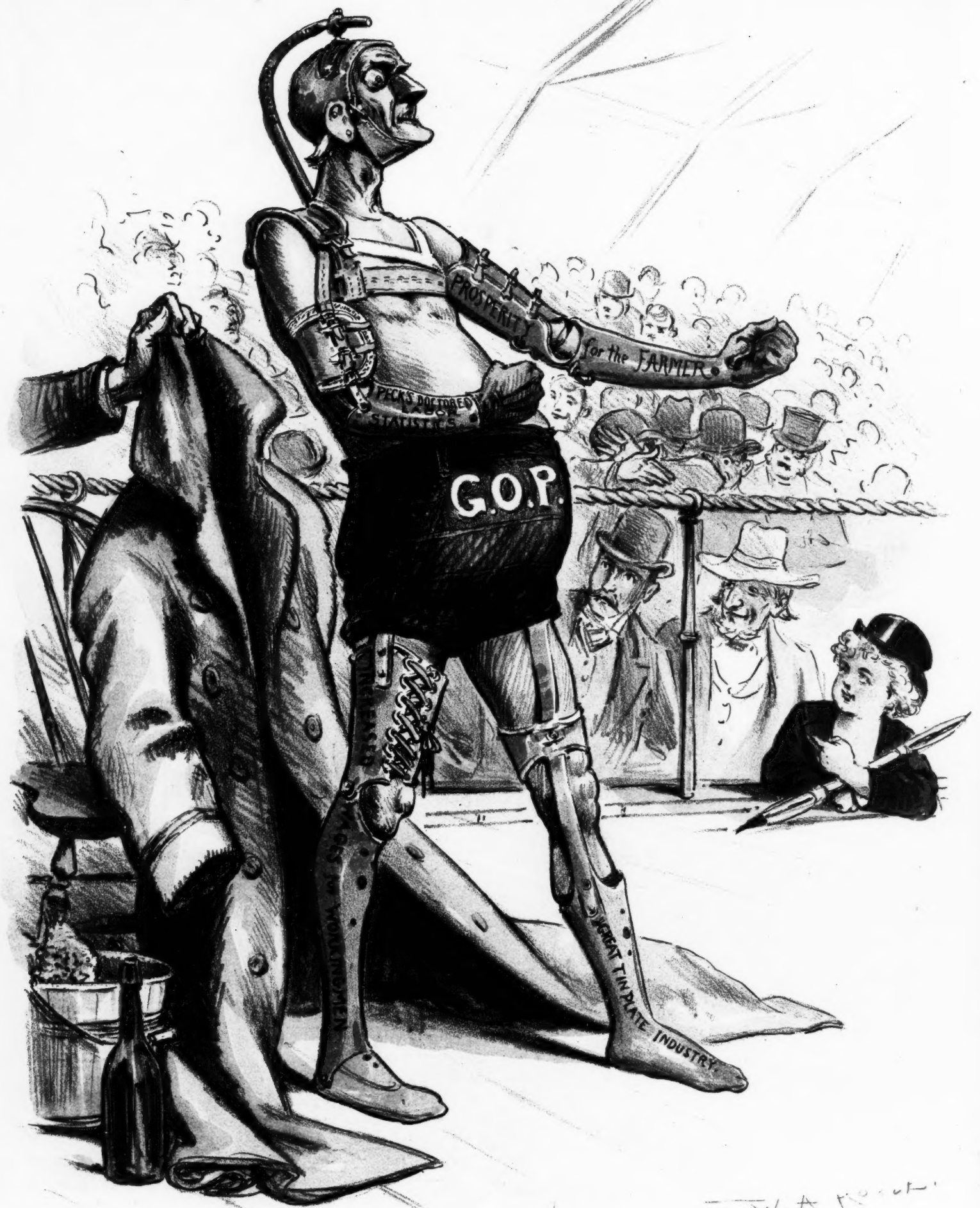
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